Oxford County Advertiser.

Oxford Co. Advertiser

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, IN

Grange Block, cor. Main & Bridge Sts.,

NORWAY, ME.

F. W. SANBORN, Proprietor.

Terms,

$1.50 and $2 per Year.

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VOL. 59. NEW SERIES XVI. NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1885. NO. 10.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, ETC.

GEO. P. JONES,

DENTIST,

NORWAY, - - - - MAINE.

DR. G. A. CLARK is with DR. JONES.

DR. J. W. DAVIS,

DENTIST,

SOUTH PARIS, - - MAINE.

Office over Savings Bank. All work Warranted.

HENRY UPTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

NORWAY, ME.

Office near F. Howe's Insurance Office.

BEARCE & STEARNS,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

NORWAY, ME.

H. M. BEARCE. SEWARD S. STEARNS.

HORATIO WOODBURY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

South Paris, Maine.

Office No. 5, Odd Fellows' Block. Office open all hours, day and night, when not professionally absent. 50tf

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NORWAY, ME.

Office and residence on Cottage Street.

Office hours, 12 m. to 2 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

C. L. PIKE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

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Residence and Office at Dr. Bradbury's late stand, Main Street.

B. F. BRADBURY, M. D.,

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Office over S. L. Crockett's Drug Store.

O. N. BRADBURY, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon,

PARIS HILL, ME.

Residence and office at Union House.

H. E. VIRGIN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Cor. Congress & Exchange Sts., } Portland,
Union Mutual Building, opposite City Hall. } Maine.

(3tf)

CHARLES F. WHITMAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

NORWAY, ME.

Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

WILSON & GREENLEAF,

Attorneys at Law,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

C. A. WILSON. W. A. GREENLEAF.

H. E. JONES, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,

SOUTH PARIS, - - ME.

Office and residence on High St., near Paris Hill road. Office Hours, 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.

G. W. BROWN, M. D.,

HOMŒOPATHIST.

(Successor to Dr. T. S. Turn'r)

NORWAY, MAINE.

OFFICE at residence on Main Street. Office hours from 7 to 9 a. m. and from 7 to 9 p. m.

FRED L. MILLETT

IS PREPARED TO MAKE ALL KINDS OF

Picture Frames!

to order. Also,

Copying & Enlarging Pictures.

A few reliable agents wanted. Address the above, South Paris, Me.

Store No. 1, I. O. O. F. Block.

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK.

Main Street, NORWAY, ME.

Money to loan on good security, at reasonable rates.

ROBERT NOYES, Pres't. H. M. BEARCE, Treas'r.

J. T. ROWE,

New Hair Dressing Rooms,

NORWAY, ME.

Clean Shave and Stylish Cut. Main St.

GET YOUR BILLS HEAD

—OF—

Benjamin Tucker's

MILK CART!

Good Milk and Honest Measure. If in want of milk, speak to the driver.

ELM HOUSE.

W. W. WHITMARSH, PROPRIETOR,

Norway, Me.

Good Stable connected with the house.

Geo. H. Small.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

SHOP ON BRIDGE STREET,

Over ADVERTISER Job Printing office Norway.

PARIS HOUSE,

Opposite Grand Trunk Depot,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

L. W. JACKSON, Jr., Proprietor.

Free Carriage to any part of the village for the guests of the House. 51tf

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South Paris, Maine.

J. M. POOLE, Proprietor.

Good stable connected, and guests of the house conveyed to and from the depot, free.

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DEPUTY SHERIFF,

Norway, Me.

Business by mail and otherwise, promptly attended to. 7-10

G. W. HOBBS.

DEALER IN

Crockery, Glass and Tin Ware,

Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

5 and 10 Cent Counters.

Special attention given to peddlers supplies. (1y-13) G. W. HOBBS, Norway, Me.

L. L. HOWARD, Jr.,

CONTRACTOR OF

Monuments, Borders, Tablets

AND

HEADSTONES!

Works opposite Norway Pine Grove Cemetery, Norway, Me.

Headquarters for Furniture!

At G. & J. B. Roberts,

HANOVER, ME.,

Will be found a Large Stock of Furniture, Latest in design, to be sold to the Retail trade at wholesale prices.

SAMUEL RICHARDS,

South Paris, Maine,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles and Fancy Goods.

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Maine Wesleyan Seminary,

AND

FEMALE COLLEGE,

Kent's Hill, Me.

Rev. E. M. SMITH, A. M., President.

Spring Term begins March 10th.

Send for circulars. 5-10

Wheels! Wheels!! Wheels!!!

The Wheel Factory at So. Waterford has been put in thorough repair and leased by W. K. Hamlin & Co. who have put in a large stock of Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts &c., and are now prepared to furnish Wheels of all sizes. Hubs mortised to order, Spokes finished ready to drive, and Rims dressed to any depth and width of tire. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trade solicited. W. K. HAMLIN & CO. So. Waterford, Me., Dec. 1, 1884. 6m49

S. A. STEVENS,

Civil Engineer and Surveyor!

Surveys of all kinds of Mill property, Farms and Timber lots; also, Village lots laid out, Grades and Levels established, and line of streets given.

The Retracing of Old Lines a Specialty.

All lines retraced by Solar Compass from True Meridian.

Plans & Specifications of all kinds of buildings and property, made at short notice. All business promptly attended to.

Post-Office address Norway Lake, Me.

We refer with permission to HON. & KIMBALL, BEARCE & STEARNS and H. UPTON.

Sept. 19, 1884. 38tf

G. H. PORTER,

Near Post-Office,

SOUTH PARIS,

Has the Finest Brands of

CIGARS

For Sale. Also

TOBACCO

OF ALL KINDS

NOTICE!

To whom it may concern. I, Joseph N. Hannaford, have this day given my son Herbert Hannaford, his time, earnings, and contracting for himself, and shall pay no debts of his after this date. JOSEPH N. HANNAFORD. Witness, ALBERT HANNAFORD. Dixfield, Feb. 2, 1885. 3w6

LEON E. FROST.

(Successor to Everett Bros.)

Dealer in Meats & Vegetables!

Beef, Lamb, Pork and Sausages,

kept on hand and sold at the lowest cash prices. Hathaway Block, Norway, Me.

LORD'S TRIUMPHANT CURE.

is no humbug, but is a safe and wonderful cure for Sore Throat, Colds, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side, Stomach or Back, Liver and Kidney Complaint, etc., for children or adults.

Mrs. M. Hoyt, of Norway, has used this "Cure" for her babe sick with cold and distress and recommends it very highly.

Ask for it at the Drug Stores, or call on or write to I. H. LORD, North Norway, Me.

TYTHERLEIGH & PERKINS,

Dealers in Fresh & Salt FISH, Oysters, Clams, Salmon, Mackerel, Canned Goods Crackers, Etc., Etc.,

South Paris, Maine.

Cart will visit Paris Hill, West Paris, Norway, and adjacent villages. 46 tf

W. MOORE,

CARRIAGE AND SIGN

PAINTING,

COTTAGE STREET, Near the Depot, Norway, Me.

No B—It is no nothing, but the most reliable Paints, Oils and Varnishes. All work warranted and promptly executed. Orders solicited. Shop work and jobbing promptly attended to. 6m49

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, ETC.

Z. K. HARMON,

ATTORNEY for PROCURING Pensions, Bounties, and all claims of Soldiers and their heirs arising for services in the late war. Over thirty years of constant practice. Centennial Block, Portland, Me.

O. K. YATES, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

West Paris, Maine.

Office Hours from 6 to 9 a. m. Office at Residence.

D. R. HASTINGS & SON,

Counselors and Attorneys at Law,

FRYEBURG Oxford County, Me.

E. C. WALKER,

Attorney at Law,

Lovell, Maine. 1y50*

J. C. BENNETT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Sausages,

And MEATS of all kinds,

Norway, Me.

READ

The Industrial Survey of Maine!

PUBLISHED EACH WEEK IN

THE INDUSTRIAL JOURNAL,

Bangor, Me.

An eight page paper devoted to all the interests of the Pine Tree State. Only $2.00 per year. 48tf

LORD'S TRIUMPHANT CURE.

is no humbug, but is a safe and wonderful cure for Sore Throat, Colds, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side, Stomach or Back, Liver and Kidney Complaint, etc., for children or adults.

Mrs. M. Hoyt, of Norway, has used this "Cure" for her babe sick with cold and distress and recommends it very highly.

Ask for it at the Drug Stores, or call on or write to I. H. LORD, North Norway, Me.

YOUR LIVER

Secretes the bile and is one of the most important organs of the human system. Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Variable Appetite, Sallow Complexion, Constipation and all the ills that accompany them, are indications of Liver Complaint.

"I had a severe case of Liver Complaint with habitual constipation; my appetite would be good one day and poor the next, my eyes showed evidence of Jaundice, and I had a tired, uncomfortable feeling; I bought one bottle of Brown's Sarsaparilla. It regulated my liver and bowels so that their action is as good as ever. My general health is now good. I owe it all to the use of Brown's Sarsaparilla. HON. R. B. THOMAS, Treas. Penobscot Co., Bangor, Me."

"Father" said a young man, working in Sargent's mill, in Brewer, Me.," "are you going to Bangor to-night?" "Yes, my son, why?" "I want you to get me a bottle of Brown's Sarsaparilla. I am most out and don't want to be without it." The father, who keeps the boarding house at the mill, says his son was all run down, had no appetite, worked about one-half the time, and was always tired. Can now (thanks to Brown's Sarsaparilla), work every day, has good appetite, color has come into his face. He is sure that Brown's Sarsaparilla is wonderful in cases of general debility.

Mr. E. Cone, one of the most prominent merchants of Bangor, has suffered from liver troubles for two years. Mr. Cobb has consulted good physicians, taken various remedies, but got little or no assistance until he began the use of Brown's Sarsaparilla. He says it is the best thing for Liver Complaint that has come to his notice, and freely recommends it to his friends.

"I was all out of fix this Spring," said Mr. L. O. Oaks, merchant at Garland, Me. "I read some of the testimonials, bought some of Brown's Sarsaparilla, took one bottle, and am to-day better than I ever was. I recommend Brown's Sarsaparilla above all medicines I have as I know it to be good."

READER!—If you have any trouble with your kidneys you can find a certain relief for it by using

Brown's Sarsaparilla.

Your money refunded if it does not do all claimed.

Brown's Sarsaparilla is sold by all Druggists for $1.00; 6 bottles for $5.00. ARA WARREN, Proprietor, Bangor, Me.

GENERAL NEWS.

The new public building for Augusta has been located by the commissioners at the corner of Water street and Market square, where the Farmer office now stands.

We understand the Glen House is not to be rebuilt.

It is given out that a number of shoe manufactories in Lynn and Haverill, Mass., are quietly making arrangements to move their establishments to Maine in order to escape the annoyances caused by labor unions. If this be true, when the time of their transit arrives there will probably be considerable competition between various towns in the direction of securing to themselves the settlement of the corporations in question.

Gen. Grant is said to be very sick. He has a cancer at the root of the tongue, and it is thought he cannot live more than a few months. He has slept very little during the past week, and is in constant pain. All his teeth have been extracted in the hope of relieving the aching of his mouth. His palate is partially gone from the disease's attack, and he speaks only in a feeble whisper. Speaking, eating, even breathing excites the cancerous growth and causes great pain, which resembles severe neuralgia, and is felt all through the head.

It would be very dangerous for the March number of *Our Little Ones* to come just as you wanted to get the other little ones to sleep, for this issue is so packed full of jolly good things that the children would rise up in open rebellion, and declare they would not close an eye until every picture had been seen and every story read; and we do not know as we could blame them any, it is such a good, everyway, number.

Mrs. Dudley was arraigned Saturday on a charge of shooting O'Donevan Rossa. A plea of not guilty was entered and bail was fixed at $500.

There is said to be a deficiency of over $200,000. in the accounts of the National Soldier's Home during the time Gen. Butler was president and treasurer.

A bust of Longfellow, copied from the one in Westminster Abbey, was formerly unveiled at Portland last Friday night with appropriate literary exercises.

An explosion of gas under the Parliament buildings during the debate last Friday night caused great excitement.

The military Committee voted to recommend a resolve appropriating $600 annually from the military fund for copying muster rolls of regiments.

There was a debate in the House Friday, on the motion to commit the bill relating to physician's prescriptions for intoxicating liquors, the question having arisen whether the bill had properly come before the House. Dr. and insult to every decent and respectable practioner of medicine in Maine, and hoped the House would put its foot on it. Mr. Walton said the bill was a transcript of the Kansas law. The bill was committed.

One of Gen. Grant's sons has gone into business with Charles L. Webster, Mark Twain's agent and publisher. The firm will publish Gen. Grant's autobiography.

Rear Admiral George Henry Preble, U. S. N., retired, died Sunday at his home at Cottage Farm, Brookline, of heart disease.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Reminiscences of the Lake Country.

BY MARK TAPLEY.

The scenery around Lake Umbagog is beautifully grand and majestic. The waters are very shoal leaving the bottom discernible over a large portion of it. The lakes and the streams surrounding abounded in trout of large size and excellent flavor. These were

taken in large numbers

by Stone and his children, a large part of which were shipped to Boston and other cities yielding them handsome returns. The boys as they grew to manhood began to show the agility, prowess and perseverance inherited from their parents. It was their delight to hunt the moose and bear from the lake to the British boundary and trap the beaver, otter, and many other animals, from which being sharp and shrewd at a bargain they soon began to get quite independent.

Living as they did in an isolated place and seeing little of the outer world, but little was spent for gewgaws and finery, but be it said to their credit they all managed to acquire a passable education and one of the younger boys is said to have been a brilliant scholar for his time.

One warm summer's day two of these urchins, aged twelve and fourteen years

started on a berrying expedition

across the lake to Metallecks Point in a small canoe, taking with them as was their custom and small shot guns in hopes to get a partridge. When they approached the opposite shore they discovered a large bear close to the water with

a trap and clog attached to his hind foot.

He had evidently been in the trap for some time as it had been set for a number of days, and the bear by wandering with such an incumbrance had become fatigued and thirsty and came to the lake to drink. The boys thought this a rare opportunity for sport, so they rowed as near as they thought safe and emptied both their guns charged with small shot into his face.

The fury of the beast was now absolutely frightful.

He roared, growled and gnashed his teeth, but this only served to amuse the young hunters who put back to a safe distance to reload and give him another volley. This bombardment was kept up till both eyes were destroyed.

"Stick to him, Gid," said Joe; we'll fetch him yet."

How long this would have continued is uncertain, but the father and older brother hearing so much firing guessed the cause, and taking another boat and a rifle came to their assistance and at a single shot put an end to the sufferings of the bear.

As we write purely from memory we can give no dates with certainty, but we think it was not long after the last

that Stone was drowned

while attempting to cross the lake from Upton shore on skates. The ice was not considered safe by any one, it being lately frozen and the distance being many miles to go through Cambridge and Errol on foot, he concluded to make the venture and started just at nightfall for his home which he never reached.

His lifeless body was found near the shore the next day in shoal water. His struggle for life must have been dreadful as he broke the ice for a long way, but being chilled and cumbered with his skates his almost superhuman efforts could not save him. His cries were heard by several persons, but being taken for that of some wild beast they were unheeded.

Thus perished in the prime of manhood one of the most intrepid and powerful men ever known in this country.

After the death of her husband with the care of a large family of children resting upon her, the widow bravely struggled on.

Being strong and fearless

like her husband she joined the boys in their hunting and fishing excursions soon becoming an equal with them. One day in company with her oldest son, Squire, she crossed the lake to Metallecks Point to pick berries as they often did, taking a gun and some small shot. Soon after landing they met face to face

a large and ferocious bear

dragging a trap and clog. They quickly fled to a safe distance to consider the matter.

"What shall we do, mother?" said the lad.

"Do," said the mother, "why kill him of course."

"But how," inquired the boy, "you can't kill him with small shot in a week."

The mother made no reply but proceeded to kindle a fire in the hollow of a large flat rock. When she had heated the rock sufficiently she placed a portion of her small shot in the hollow to melt. When melted she took her pipe and filled it with the molten lead which soon became a slug. She now found herself invested in another difficulty. The slug was too large for the bore of the gun. Quick as thought she placed it on the rock and seizing a flat stone rolled the missile beneath it till it was reduced to the required size.

Then loading her piece they approached the bear as near as they thought proper. The boy stepped in front and the mother resting the gun on his shoulder took deliberate aim and fired

sending the slug directly to the heart of

the beast.

when with a savage growl he fell over on his back dead.

The next question was how to get the carcass to the boat at home being distance and they having no rope with them. But being well used to such difficulties they were not easily balked in any dilemma. So cutting and twisting a stout withe they placed it round the upper jaw of the bear, then affixing a stout sick to the other end they proceeded to drag him to the boat landing. This was no small job as the

monster weighed over three hundred lbs.

but by short pulls and the land being a gradual descent they at last reached the shore, then by laying skids they rolled the body into the boat and rowed home.

This was no mean day's work as the meat was considered excellent food and oil, skin and the bounty paid by the State brought the value of a bear of that size to more than that of a good cow.

Metallecks Point, which is situated on the east shore of the lake derived its name

from a lonely Indian

who resided there for many years. We don't know how long since this

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Roxbury, a Reminiscence of Ye Olden Time.

KING ALCOHOL TAKES DOWN A NEW HOUSE FRAME.

Many years ago, one of the early residents of this town put up a new house frame. It was made of large, strong, heavy timber, as was the custom in those days. Before the owner of the frame got ready to board it, he decided that it was not in the best place for his home, and determined to move it across the road to a better situation.

He accordingly sent out word far a hauling on a certain day, and to make a sure thing of the job he purchased a ten gallon keg full of rum,—a raising or a hauling in those days without liquor was not to be thought of. At the time appointed for moving the frame, the farmers with their sturdy oxen were on hand; one of the most skillful was chosen master, and under his orders the oxen were divided into two strings, and hitched on.

The owner of the frame had braced himself so much from the keg that he could not stand, but lay on the grass near by. At the word from the master the road stinks, worse than the

dealing between man and man.

why and one ear of wheat grew out of place. The master brought them to a stop and told the men that those timbers must be secured before another start was made.

Just at this point the owner raised his head from the ground, and said, "Drive on, boys."

The master's word was now of no account. The men had all braced themselves from the keg, and were ready to do and to dare.

They did drive on, and very soon every stick of this nice frame lay as flat on the ground as the sward. It was a complete wreck. The reader can imagine the scene that followed.

Times have changed. The writer was at a hauling at the same place last fall. King Alcohol had no hand in it, and the building moved to its place in perfect order. NIMROD.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Going to the Exposition, New Orleans.

We left Portland by the Eastern R. R. on the one p. m. train and reached Boston at 5½ p. m., took horse cars for Old Colony and Fall River R. R. and left at 7 p. m. on the fast express, making good time and connections at Newport with steamer via. Sound line for New York. Left the wharf at 9 a. m. The night was clear and cold. All on board seemed in good spirits and many of the passengers were bound for the sunny South. We were due at New York at 7 o'clock next morning, but on account of the ice in East River were detained until noon. On our way up the river we passed several steamers, vessels and small boats frozen into the river, but after a good deal of backing up and going ahead we reached the wharf.

We went directly to Courtland street ferry and crossed the river to Jersey city, thence to Harrison. The B. & O. company have put up an elegant depot finished in white and brown ash, and everything neat and comfortable. On the left as you enter from the ferry is a nice large restaurant; at the right and in the end of the large waiting room is a circular building used for an office, finished in white and brown ash. On the right hand side of the waiting room is a smoking room, telegraph office, ladies' waiting room fitted up with comfortable sleeping car chairs, office and news stand, and at the end of the building they have every facility for dispatching trains to all parts of the country.

We left Jersey City at 6.5 p. m. on the fast line via. Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, reaching Philadelphia at 8 p. m., and left a short time after. As we were leaving the depot we saw a large fire in the distance which proved to be the Insane Asylum. After leaving Philadelphia we passed a large coal country and saw several coal fires burning manufacturing coal into coke or soft coal. We reached Harrisburg at midnight and Pittsburg at 8 next morning, found a light snow had fallen in the night—enough to make roofs of the buildings white. Pittsburgh is called the smoky city and is rightly named, for it is covered with one dense cloud of smoke. After a stop of half an hour and a breakfast we resumed our journey. The R. R. winds around the city under the bluff and follows the river for two miles or more, while most of the way they had to blast the rock out to get along. We ran through cuts of solid rock 50 feet in height and on through tunnels that would take from one-half to two minutes to go through. The country is hilly all along banks of streams is covered with timber. We reached Columbia at 3 p. m. Here the

as far as Xenia is a level rolling prairie, and is the best farming part of the State. We reached Cincinnati at 7½ p. m. and at 8.45 left via. Louisville, Nashville and Mobile R. R. The train was a fast express and took us down to Louisville Junction in a hurry. Then we changed cars for Nashville and reached Nashville at 8½ the next morning.

The color of the soil from here to Decater is of a reddish color and some parts hilly and rocky. The stations were poor, cheap got up affairs and all were whitewashed once, but the whitewash has all disappeared. The most of the buildings were nothing but log cabins with mud chimneys and poles. Most all stations have two or more small stores with white and colored men loafing about smoking and drinking corn juice. Did not see but a few neat pretty stations between Nashville and New Orleans.

Germantown seemed to be made up of men of some enterprise and push. They have few manufactories. We reached Birmingham at dark. It is a very pretty place laid out in wide nice streets and looked as though some men of Northern birth lived there. I noticed several fires where they were burning coal for coke.

We reached Montgomery at 10 at night and Mobile at 8 a. m. next morning, then left for New Orleans. The R. R. runs through a large swamp, and what few buildings we saw were large with raised platforms running from the R. R. back to them. When within five miles of New Orleans we had a heavy shower of rain that lasted until we reached the city station at the foot of Canal street at 12 o'clock noon. In my next will tell the readers of the ADVERTISER something about New Orleans.

OXFORD COUNTY BOY.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

MANAGEMENT OF STOCK IN WINTER.—The best way to use our several kinds of fodder, I shall speak of in the first place. It has generally been the case for farmers in this vicinity to feed out their rough fodder the first part of the winter, saving all their English hay until nearly spring.

Now let us look and see if this is the best way. My opinion is that cattle should have a change of diet. You can feed the best of English hay to stock, and if you are not careful, in a short time they will make waste, which if they were fed occasionally on corn fodder, or fresh hay, you would not see one spear of the English hay go to waste. Take the farmer, for instance, who has nearly half fresh hay and corn fodder in his barn at the commencement of winter. If he feeds this all to his stock without using considerable grain, before he commences on his English hay, his stock will lose a great deal of flesh, and he will lose the benefit of his hay. Which if they had only the stock would be in nearly as good condition as when it came to the barn. I have tried mixing fresh hay and English together—say one-third English. It should be thoroughly mixed, and you will find the cattle will lick it up clean.

Turnips are excellent for cattle, and they should have them three times a week at least.

I think potatoes should be given to stock twice or three times a week. Salt, in my opinion, should be made into brine and sprinkled on the hay twice a week. A few ears of corn should be given to stock every little while. It is beneficial to the teeth.

Once a day is sufficient to give water, and should be given them in the middle of the day, when it is warmest. Perhaps after the first of March twice a day would be better. Cattle should not be left out in the yard in a cold day. The warmer your stock can be kept the better they will thrive.

A word in regard to young steers. Some farmers miss it very much by not breaking their steers. As a general thing a yoke of two or three years old steers, ox handy, will bring from five to ten dollars more than they can be sold for beef. The best time to break them is when they are calves. It saves strength and ox goads, and many oaths.

Every farmer should have two good ox cards and use them once a day the rest of the winter. Cattle should be turned out into the pasture as soon as there are bare spots. They should never be allowed to be kept in the barn until there is a full bite of feed. What farmers want, and should know, is the best and cheapest way to get their stock through a long, cold winter and have them in a good condition in the spring.

If stock comes out in the spring poor, it takes half the summer for them to get a start. WM. H. GORDON.

Sweden, Me.

I saw in an ADVERTISER a short time ago an invitation to farmers to write about something they knew of concerning farming. I know so little about farming that I cannot write about that so I will seek wisdom of those able to instruct. Will some one please tell me how many times a day and at what time a horse that is doing no work only once a week to be driven four or five miles needs to be watered; and if it is better for a horse to stand in the stable all the time, or to be turned into a yard during some portion of the day when the weather is pleasant. In a late paper I see some one speaks of feeding turnips and potatoes to cows. Will not turnips fed to milch cows cause a bad taste in the milk? Will cotton seed meal fed to milch cows cause the milk to be injurious to young children? I have more questions that I would like to ask; but I am afraid of the waste basket so will stop. JOSHUA.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Practical housekeepers, throughout this county, are requested to send in communications for THE HOUSEKEEPER.

I am very much interested in the housekeeper. I wish I had an experience to tell or some useful suggestion to offer but aunt Prudence is a model housekeeper so perhaps it will be better to tell what she thinks than to try to say anything myself.

She says "begin early to instruct your daughters in the different departments of housework, teach them self-reliance by giving them some task, which shall be their special duty to perform, teach them to be systematic by having a stated time in which each duty shall be performed, never be in too much of a hurry, but always do your work well; always keeping the old adage in a place for everything and everything in its place." Too many young ladies have the idea that housework is

accomplishment is more paiseworthy than a thorough knowledge of housekeeping."

I am glad the men by their example have called some of us tardy sisters to follow them. I pity J. T. and if his gingerbread was heavy I think he had the worst of it. Cannot some one more enlightened give him a receipt that will always be light. I would like to have Jem Keen tell how he got the grease spot out of the floor after dipping those candles. ELMA.

SOFT SOAP FOR BURNS.—A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh, according to a medical man who has been burned repeatedly himself. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed oil and then dust over with fine flour. When this last covering dries hard repeat the oil and flour, dressing until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.

Sunday-School Lesson.

For March 8th.

Paul before Felix.—Acts xxiv, 10—27. Very soon after Paul had been sent to Cæsarea his accusers came thither from Jerusalem. They brought with them one Tertullus, an "orator." The lawyers spoken of by the Saviour were doctors of the Mosaic, or, rather, the rabinical law. They were theologians or teachers of ecclesiology. But this Tertullus was a lawyer in the modern sense, one who practiced in the civil courts. The high priest and elders had employed him to conduct the case against Paul. The apostle makes his own defense.

A Roman governor, who had the greatest trouble in keeping his province quiet, would be inclined to deal harshly with one who went about stirring up commotion. Paul denies that he has done anything to kindle riots. He merely admits, as he had declared before the council, that, by preaching the Gospel of Christ, he had upheld the old doctrine of the leading Jews that there should be a rising from the dead and that, in view of this great fact, he had endeavored so to live, that he might feel that he was blameless before God and men.

He recalls the fact, so far from being an enemy of his nation and a despiser of the law, he had come to Jerusalem to bring alms to the nation and to make offerings under the law. He presses the point that those who first accused him of profaning the Temple were not present to give testimony. Perhaps they feared to be present, lest, on proof that they had begun the riot, they might themselves be held by the Romans in a state of imprisonment. Happy is that man whose course has been so upright and straightforward that he can challenge scrutiny regarding it.

Felix had some knowledge of the Christians. Not only were there Christians among the citizens of Cæsarea, but the centurian, Cornelius, was baptised here by Peter (ch. x, 1), and it is not unlikely there were christians among the soldiers at Felix's headquarters. His wife, Drusilla, as a Jewess, may have known about the Christians, and informed him. Knowing that the Christians, as a class, were honest, and seeing that Paul's accusers had proved nothing whatever against him, Felix ought to have dismissed the apostle; but, unjustly, he kept him a prisoner for two years. Paul was allowed, however, to see his friends; and we may believe that he received comfort from Philip, and others who lived in Cæsarea. It must have been a trial to Paul's faith to have his work as an apostle suspended; but such was God's plan.

After a time the apostle is called on again to speak of the Christian faith before Felix and Drusilla. Perhaps it was dull at Cæsarea, and they, like the men of Athens, thought to find a little entertainment in listening to this "new thing." But did not refuse to speak of the Christian doctrine, and then he shows that Christianity is not a mere philosophy, but has practical bearings on everyday life. He spoke of righteousness, of justice and right dealing between man and man. He spoke of temperance or self-control, which a man owes to himself, restraining his appetites and desires. And with these duties of a man to his fellow man and himself, Paul joined the thought of responsibility before God to perform these duties.

And Felix trembled. The life demanded was a life far different from that which he had lived. Many a sermon has been preached on Felix's waiting for "a convenient season," and the topic no grower old. Each day we meet persons like Felix. They know what they ought to do; they cannot entirely hush the voice of conscience; but they are not willing to yield to the right, and so they defer action. Is this wise? Felix often sent for Paul and communed with him; not, however, to learn more of Christ, but with the hope that he should receive a bribe. And when he left his office, though he knew Paul was innocent, he left him still in bonds. A great man in the eye of the world was Felix, but, oh! how contemptible! He had the best of preaching, but he did not turn from sin.

As Felix did not at first turn from his wrong way, it is not strange that he did not turn from it at all. Whatever argument can be urged for a man's setting out in the Christian course is an argument for his doing it right away. If the life of sin is a degrading life, a man ought to abandon it, not to-morrow or next week, but immediately. If there is joy to be found in serving God, a man ought to lay hold on that joy without delay. The convenient season for becoming a Christian is the present time; for all things convene and combine to make it important for a man to enter Christ's service immediately. On the other hand if, when a man has looked over the whole subject, and come to the conclusion that it is not worth his while now to attend to this matter, there is no ground left for hoping that he will ever find it worth while. As Felix did, not regard the present "a convenient season," it is not strange that he never found one which he could regard as such.

Oxford Co. Advertiser

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (12 lines 1 inch space) 1 week..$1.00
Each continuance..... .25
One Square, (one inch of space) per year 7.00

Cards of thanks, obituary notices, resolutions, etc., $1 each, or 5 cents per line. Legal advertising inserted at the established rates.

A liberal discount by the column or year.

POWER JOB PRINTING

Of every kind and form neatly and promptly done at this office at the Lowest Prices.

POETRY.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

An Ode to Mt. Christopher.

The lofty, wooded mountain side, a strange, uncommon sight
Rising abruptly from the lake near a thousand feet in height.
Not like a dreary, barren rock, but—picture such a scene!
Covered with pines from base to crown, a mound of living green.
The little lake—misnamed a pond—that leaves its rocky base,
See dotted o'er with pretty isles, that lend an added grace;
The little village on its banks, the rolling hills beyond.
Make up the loveliest scene in Maine, the place called Bryant's Pond.
In summer time, just when the sun is sinking in the west,
Let's row out in the mountain's shade, the place I like the best.
The hush of solitude is there, and silence seems to fall;—
The solemn stillness of the pines, above and over all.
The mountain shadows lengthen out, the islands grow more dim
The hills begin to fade away, the night is closing in.
Our hearts ascend in thankful praise,—what need have we to roam.
In search of Nature's beauteous scenes?—we have them here at home.

"WELMA BURR."

Waltham, Mass., Jan. 22, 1885.

IN LUCK AT LAST.

BY WALTER BASANT.

"Very well, Clara. I quite understand. As for the studio, and all the things that you have given me, they are, of course, yours again. Let me restore what I can to you."

"No, Arnold, they are yours. Let me hear no more about things that are your own. Of course, your business, as you call it, is exciting. But as for this other thing, it is far more important. Something has happened; something I always expected; something that I looked forward to for years; although it has waited on the way so long, it has actually come at last, when I had almost forgotten to look for it. So true it is, Arnold, that good fortune and misfortune alike always wear the least expected form."

Arnold sat down. He knew his cousin too well to interrupt her. She had her own way of telling a story, and it was a roundabout way.

I cannot complain, after twenty years, can I? I have had plenty of rope, as you would say. But still, it has come at last. And naturally, when it does come, it is a shock."

"Is it hereditary gout, Clara?"

"Gout! Nonsense, Arnold. When the will was read, I said to myself, 'Claude is certain to come back and claim his own. It is his right, and I hope he will come. But for my own part, I have not the least intention of calling upon the governess.' Then three or four years passed away, and I heard—I do not remember how—that he was dead. And then I waited for his heirs, his children, or their guardians. But they did not come.

"And now they have really come! Oh, Clara, this is indeed a misfortune."

"No, Arnold; call it a restitution, not a misfortune. I have been living all these years on the money which belongs to Claude's heir."

"There was a son, then. And now he has dropped upon us from the clouds?"

"He is a daughter, not a son. But you shall hear. I received a letter this morning from a person called Dr. Joseph Washington, stating that he wrote to me on account of the only child and heiress of the late Claude Deseret."

"Who is Dr. Joseph Washington?"

"He is a physician, he says, and an American."

"Yes; will you go on?"

"That face on your canvas has eyes wonderfully like his."

"I do not mind it, Arnold; I really do not. I must give up my house and put down my carriage, but it is for Claude's daughter. I rejoice to think that he has left some one behind him. Arnold, that face upon your canvas really has got eyes wonderfully like his, if it was not a mere fancy, when I saw it yesterday. I am glad, I say, to give up everything to the child of Claude."

"You think so kindly of him, Clara, who inflicted so much pain on you."

"I can never think bitterly of Claude. We were brought up together; we were like brother and sister; he never loved me in any other way. Oh, I understood it all years ago. To begin with, I was never beautiful; and it was his father's mistake. Well, this American followed up his letter by a visit. In the letter he merely said he had come to London with the heiress. But he called an hour ago and brought me—oh, Arnold, he brought me one more letter from Claude. It has been waiting for me for eighteen years. After all that time, after eighteen years, my poor dead Claude speaks to me again. My dear, when I thought he was miserable on account of his marriage I was wrong. His wife made him happy, and he died because she died. The tears came into her eyes again. "Poor boy! Poor Claude! The letter speaks of his child. It says:—" She opened and read the letter. "He says: 'Some day my child will, I hope, come to you and say:' 'Cousin Clara, I am Iris Deseret.' 'Iris,'" said Arnold.

"It is her name, Arnold. It was the child's grandmother's name."

"A strange coincidence," he said. "Pray go on."

"She will say: 'Cousin Clara, I am Iris Deseret.' Then you will be kind to her, as you would to me, if I were to come home again.' I cannot read any more, my dear, even to you."

"Did this American give you any other proof of what he asserts?"

"He gave me a portrait of Claude, taken years ago, when he was a boy of sixteen, and showed me the certificate of marriage, and child's certificate of baptism, and letters from his wife. I suppose nothing more can be wanted."

"I dare say it is all right, Clara. But why was not the child brought over before?"

"Because this is the really romantic part of the story—when her father died, leaving the child, she was adopted by these charitable Americans, and no one ever thought of examining the papers, which were lying in a desk, until the other day."

"You have not seen the young lady."

"No; he is to bring her to-morrow."

"And what sort of a man is this American? Is he a gentleman?"

"Well, I do not quite know. Perhaps Americans are different from Englishmen. If he was an Englishman, I should say without any hesitation that he is not a gentleman, as we count good breeding and good manners. He is a big man, handsome, and burly, and he seems good tempered. When I told him what was the full amount of Iris's inheritance—"

"Iris's inheritance!" Arnold repeated. "I beg your pardon, Clara; pray go on; but it seems like a dream."

"He only laughed, and said he was glad she would have so much. The utmost they hoped, they said, was that it might be a farm, or a house or two, or a few hundreds in the stocks. He is to bring her to-morrow, and of course I shall make her stay with me. As for himself, he says that he is anxious to get back home to his wife and his practice."

"He wants nothing for himself, then! That seems a good sign."

"I asked him that question, and he said that he could not possibly take money for what he and his family had done for Iris; that is to say, her education and maintenance. This was very generous of him, perhaps he is really a gentleman by birth, but has provincial manners. He said, however, that he had no objection to receiving the small amount of money spent on the voyage and on Iris's outfit, because they were not rich people, and it was a serious thing to fit out a young lady suitably. So of course I gave him what he suggested—a check for two hundred pounds. No one, he added with true feeling, would grudge a single dollar that had been spent upon the education of the dear girl; and this went to my heart."

"She is well educated, then?"

"She sings well," he says, "and has had a good plain education. He said I might rest assured that she was ladylike, because she had been brought up among his own friends."

"That is a very safe guarantee," said Arnold, laughing. "I wonder if she is pretty?"

"I asked him that question, too, and he replied very oddly that she had a most splendid figure, which fetched everybody. Is not that rather a vulgar expression?"

"It is in England. Perhaps in America it belongs to the first circles, and is a survival of the Pilgrim Fathers. So you gave him a check for two hundred pounds?"

"Yes; surely I was not wrong, Arnold. Consider the circumstances, the outfit and the voyage, and the man's reluctance and delicacy of feeling."

"I dare say you were quite right, but—well, I think I should have seen the young lady first. Remember, you have given the money to a stranger on his bare word."

"Oh, Arnold, this man is perfectly honest. I would answer for his truth and honesty. He has frank, honest eyes. Besides, he brought me all these letters. Well, dear, you are not going to desert me because you are engaged, are you, Arnold? I want you to be present when she comes to-morrow morning."

"Certainly I will be present, with the greatest pleasure. But I will be present—I will come to luncheon, Clara."

Here she was gone he thought again of the strange coincidence, both of the man and of the heiress. Yet what had his Iris in common with a girl who had been brought up in America? Besides, she had lost her inheritance, and this other Iris had come into the receive hers. Yet a very strange coincidence. It was so strange that he took it to Iris and to Lala Roy. Iris laughed, and said she did not know she had a single namesake. Lala did not laugh; but he sat thinking in silence. There was no chess for him that night; instead of playing the usual game Mr. Emblem, in his chair, laughed and chuckled in rather a ghastly way.

CHAPTER X.

"IT IS MY COUSIN."

"Well, Joe," said his wife, "and how is it going to finish? It looks to me as if there was a prison-van and a police-court at the end. Don't you think we had better back out of it while there is time?"

"You're a fool!" her husband replied—it was the morning after his visit to Clara; "you know nothing about it. Now listen." "I do nothing but listen; you've told me the story till I know it by heart. Do you think anybody in the world will be so green as to believe such a clumsy plant as that?"

"Now look here, Lotty; if there's another word said—mind, now—you shall have nothing more to do with the business at all. I'll give it to a girl I know—a clever girl, who will carry it through with flying colors."

She set her lips hard, and drummed her fingers on the table. He knew how to rule his wife.

"Go on," she said, "since we can't be honest."

"Be reasonable, then; that's all I ask you. Honest! who is honest? Ain't we every one engaged in getting round our neighbors? Isn't the whole game, all the world over, lying and deceit? Honest! you might as well go on the boards without faking up your face as try to live honest. Hold your tongue, then." He growled and swore, and after his fashion called on the heavens to witness and express their astonishment.

The girl bent her head, and made no reply for a space. She was cowed and afraid. Presently she looked up and laughed, but with a forced laugh.

"Don't be cross, Joe; I'll do whatever you want me to do, and cheerfully, too, if it will do you any good. What is a woman good for but to help her husband? Only don't be cross, Joe."

She knew what her husband was by the time—a false and unscrupulous man. Yet she loved him. The case is not rare by any means, so that there is hope for all of us, from the meanest and most wriggling worm among us to the most hectoring ruffian.

"Why there, Lotty," he said, "that is what I like. Now listen. The old lady is a cake—do you understand? She is a sponge, she swallows everything, and is ready to fall on your neck and cry over you for joy. As for doubt or suspicion, not a word. I don't think there will be a single question asked. No, it's all 'My poor dear Claude'—that's your father, Lotty—and 'My poor dear Iris'—that's you, Lotty."

"All right, Joe, go on. I am Iris—I am anybody you like. Go on."

"The more I think about it the more I'm certain we shall do the trick. Only keep cool over the job, and forget the Music Hall. You are Iris Deseret, and you are the daughter of Claude Deseret, deceased. I am Dr. Washington, one of the American family who brought you up. You are grateful, mind. Nothing can be more lively than your gratitude. We've been brother and sister, you and me, and I've got a wife and a young family, and a rising practice at home in the State of Maine, and I am only come over here to see you into your rights at great personal expense. Paid a substitute. Yes, actually paid a substitute. We only found the papers the other day, which is the reason why we did not come over before, and I am going home again directly."

"You are not really going away, Joe, are you?"

"Yes, I am going to stay here; but I shall pretend to go away. Now remember, we've got no suspicion ourselves, and we don't expect to meet any. If there is any, we are surprised and sorry. We don't come to the lady with a lawyer or a blunderbuss; we come as friends, and we shall arrange this little business between ourselves. Oh, never you fear, we shall arrange it quite comfortably, without lawyers."

"How much do you think we shall get out of it, Joe?"

"Listen and open your eyes. There's nearly a hundred and twenty thousand pounds and a small estate in the country. Don't let us trouble about the estate more than we can help. Estates mean lawyers. Money doesn't."

He spoke as if small sums like a hundred thousand pounds are carried about in the pocket.

"Good gracious! And you've got two hundred of it already, haven't you?"

"Yes, but what is two hundred out of a hundred and twenty thousand? A hundred and twenty thousand! There's spending in it, isn't there, Lotty? And, we'll make the money spin, I calculate! It may be a few weeks before the old lady transfers the money—I don't quite know where it is, but in stocks or something—to your name. As soon as it is in my name I've got a plan. We'll remember that you've got a sweetheart or something in America, and you'll break your heart for wanting to see him. And then nothing will do but you must run across for a trip. Oh, I'll manage, and we'll make the money fly."

He was always adding new details to his story, finding something to embellish it and heighten the effect, and now having succeeded in getting the false Iris into the house, he began already to devise schemes to get her out again.

"A hundred thousand pounds! Why, Joe, it is a terrible great sum of money. Good gracious! What shall we do with it when we get it?"

"I'll show you what to do with it, my girl."

"And you said, Joe—you declared that it is your own by rights."

"Certainly it is my own. It would have been bequeathed to me by my own cousin. But she didn't know it. And she died without knowing it, and I am her heir."

Lotty wondered vaguely and rather sadly how much of this statement was true. But she did not dare to ask. She had promised her assistance. Every night she woke with a dreadful dream of a policeman knocking at the door; whenever she saw a man in blue she trembled; and she knew perfectly well that, if the plot failed, it was she herself, in all probability, and not her husband at all, who would be put in the dock. She did not believe a word about the cousin; she knew she was going to do a vile and dreadful wickedness, but she was ready to go through with it, or with anything else, to pleasure a husband who already, the honeymoon hardly finished, showed the propensities of a rover.

"Very well, Lotty; we are going there at once. You need take nothing with you, but you won't come back here for a good spell. In fact, I think I shall have to give up these lodgings for fear of accidents. I shall leave you with your cousin."

"Yes; and I'm to be quiet, and behave pretty, I suppose?"

"You'll be just as quiet and demure as you used to be when you were serving in the music shop. No loud laughing, no capers, no comic songs, and no dancing."

"And am I to begin at once by asking for the money to be—what do you call it, transferred?"

"No; you are not on any account to say a word about the money; you are to go on living there without hinting at the money—without showing any desire to discuss the subject—perhaps for months, until there can't be the shadow of a doubt that you are the old woman's cousin. You are to make much of her, flatter her, cocker her up, find out all the family secrets, and get the length of her foot; but you are not to say one single word about the money. As for your manners, I'm not afraid of them, because when you like you can look and talk like a countess."

"I know now." She got up and changed her face, so that it became at once subdued and quiet, like a quiet serving-girl behind a counter. "So, is that modest enough, Joe? And as for singing, I shall sing for her, but no music-hall trash. This kind of thing. Listen."

There was a piano in the room, and she sat down and sang to her own accompaniment, with a sweet, low voice, one of the soft, sad German songs.

"That'll do," cried Joe. "Hang me! what a clever girl you are, Lotty. That's the kind of thing she swells like. As for me, give me ten minutes of Jolly Nash. But you know how to pull 'em in, Lotty."

It was approaching twelve, the hour when they were due. Lotty retired and arrayed herself in her quietest and most sober dress, a costume in some brown stuff, with a bonnet to match. She put on her best gloves and boots, having herself felt the inferiority of the shop-girl to the lady in these minor points; and she modified and mitigated her fringe, which, she knew, was rather more exaggerated than young ladies in society generally wear.

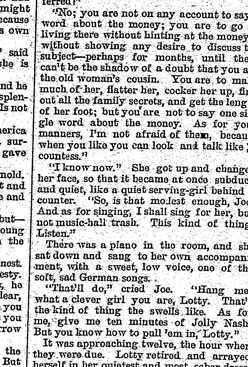
"You're not afraid, Lotty?" said Joe, when at last he was ready to start.

"Afraid? Not I," Joe. Come along. I couldn't look quieter, nor if I was to make up as I do in the evening as a Quakeress. Come along. Oh, Joe, it will be awful dull! Don't forget to send word to the Hall that I am ill. Afraid? Not I!" She laughed, but rather hysterically.

There would be, however, she secretly considered, some excitement when it came to the finding out, which would happen, she was convinced, in a very few hours. In fact she had no faith at all in the story being accepted and believed by anybody; to be sure, she herself had been trained, as ladies in shop-parlors are, to mistrust all mankind, and she could not understand at all the kind of confidence which comes of having the very thing presented to you which you ardently desire. When they arrived in Chester Square she found waiting for her a lady, who was certainly not beautiful, but she had kind eyes, which looked eagerly at the strange face, and with an expression of disappointment.

"It can't be the fringe," thought Lotty.

"Cousin Clara," she said softly and sweetly, as her husband had taught her. "I am Iris Deseret, the daughter of your old playfellow, Claude."



"I am Iris Deseret, the daughter of your old playfellow, Claude."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," cried Clara, with enthusiasm, "come to my arms! Welcome home again!"

She kissed and embraced her. Then she held her by both hands, and looked at her face again.

"My dear," she said, "you have been a long time coming. I had almost given up hoping that Claude had any children. But you are welcome, after all—very welcome. You are in your own house, remember, my dear. This house is yours, and the plate, and furniture, and everything, and I am only your tenant."

"Oh!" said Lotty, overwhelmed. Why, she had actually been taken on her word, or rather the word of Joe.

"Let me kiss you again. Your face does not remind me as yet, in any singular feature, of your father's. But I dare say I shall find resemblance presently. And, indeed, your voice does remind me of him already. He had a singularly sweet and delicate voice."

"Iris has a remarkably sweet and delicate voice," said Joe softly. "No doubt she got it from her father. You will hear her sing presently."

Lotty hardly knew her husband. His face was preternaturally solemn, and he looked as if he was engaged in the most serious business of his life.

"All her father's ways were gentle and delicate," said Clara.

"Just like him," said Joe. "When all of us—American boys and girls, pretty rough at times—were larking about, Iris would be just sittin' out like a cat on a carpet, quiet and demure. I suppose she got that way, too, from her father."

"No doubt; and as for your face, my dear, I dare say I shall find a likeness presently. But just now I see none. Will you take off your bonnet?"

When the girl's bonnet was off Clara looked at her again, curiously, but kindly.

"I suppose I can't help looking for a likeness, my dear. But you must take after your mother, whom I never saw. Your father's eyes were full and limpid; yours are large, and clear, and bright; very good eyes, my dear, but they are not limpid. His mouth was flexible and mobile, but yours is firm. Your hair, however, reminds me somewhat of his, which was much your light shade of brown when he was young. And now, sir"—she addressed Joe—"now that you have brought this dear girl all the way across the Atlantic what are you going to do?"

"Well, I don't exactly know that there's anything to keep me," said Joe. "You see, I've got my practice to look after at home—I'am a physician, as I told you—and my wife and children, and the sooner I get back the better, now that I have Iris with her friends, safe and comfortable. Stay," he added, "there are all those papers which I promised you—the certificates and the rest of them. You had better take them all, miss, and keep them for Iris."

"Thank you," said Clara, touched by this confidence; "Iris will be safe with me. It is very natural that you should want to go home again, and I dare say will be content to stay with me, my dear, won't you? You need not be afraid, sir; I assure you that her interest will not in any way suffer. Tell her to write and let you know exactly what is done. Let her, however, since she is an English girl, remain with English friends, and get to know her cousins and relatives. You can safely trust her with me, Dr. Washington."

"Thank you," said Joe. "You know that when one has known a girl all her life one is naturally anxious about her happiness. We are almost brother and sister."

"I know that, I am sure, Mr. Washington, we ought to be most grateful to you. As for the money you have expended upon her, let me once more beg of you—"

Joe waved his hand majestically.

"As for that," he said, "the money is spent. Iris is welcome to it, if it were ten times as much. Now, madam, you trusted me, the very first day that you saw me, with two hundred pounds sterling." Only an English lady would have done that. You trusted me without asking me who or what I was, or doubting my word. I assure you, madam, I felt that kindness, and that trust, very much indeed; and in return, I have brought you Iris herself. After all expenses paid of coming over and getting back, buying a few things for Iris, if I find that there's anything over, I shall ask you to take back the balance, Madam. I thank you for the money, but I am sure I have repaid you with Iris."

[To be Continued.]

[Written for the Advertiser]

What a Maine man thinks.

St. Hyacinth, P. Q., Feb. 23, 1885.

I will give you a little eye opener of Canada. Well, the snow is 5 feet deep that is natural and that is about all one will see that looks like the States.

The Canadians live in a very simple manner. Their chief diet is pea soup and baker's bread and occasionally a pig's head but when there is an American comes among them they treat him to a dish of hasty pudding and milk or molasses. Sunday seems to be a holiday for its the day they take for snow shoe races, and skating, and racing horses and all such sport. The market day is Saturday.

It is somewhat amusing to an American to wander round among them. The old women from way back in the country come at daylight and stay until dark. They sit right in one position all day long on a sled of some kind with a few eggs or a skein of yarn and a little tobacco to sell, and occasionally they will be seen to take a handful out of those huge loaves of baker's bread and then follows the black bottle, the way they are raised from childhood. For further particulars inquire of G. F. Andrews, Norway, Me.

We will now look on the best side of St. Hyacinth. There are two Protestant churches, one the English and one French. In them you will find some very good people as one could ask to meet. The service in the morning is French, in the evening in English.

In regard to business men I think they are rather more cautious than the Americans. It takes longer for them to think whether to make a trade or not than it does for an American to make the same trade and make five thousand dollars or perhaps lose six. They are a class as a rule one hundred and fifty years behind time to the best of my judgment.

This may not be a fair representation of the country but if one should come and live in it one year, I think he would find it to be all true. If anything it would be a little more pea soup and pudding and a good deal of rum, which is as free as water, to be found in every grocery. I have often thought while in Maine that the Maine liquor law was too rigid but it never can be too stringent. D. S. K.

Dr. Rider's Own Words.

John Rider, Captain of Canal boat, Erie Canal, says: "Agoil is the best medicine I ever used for bruises, sprains, galls, and for colic in horses or men. If I had but one bottle and could not get another, I would not take five dollars for it." Sold in Norway at Noyes' Drug Store. Sample bottles free. Trial.

Dr. Agoil's Pills reach the very foundation of vital action. Sold at Noyes' Drug Store.

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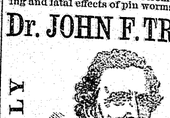

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